FINGAL

RECLAIMED.

Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves——

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR,

M.DCC.LXII.

FINGAL Reclaimed.

THIS Poem hath been given to the Public as the work of Oſſian, Son of Fingal, King of Scotland. Is it not extraordinary, that throughout the whole Poem, there ſhould not be one circumſtance to prove, that this Fingal was the King of Scotland: While, on the other hand, there are many which make it probable that he was one of the Kings of Ireland? He is called King of the lonely Hills — of the ſtormy Hills, and King of Morven.

The Fingallians were a Colony from the ancient Galles or Wales; they ſettled on the coaſt of Ireland, ſtretching from the Bay of Dublin, and the banks of the Liffy, northward. The firſt Object, in theſe parts, which preſents itſelf to thoſe who come from the North, or Eaſt, is the Hill of Hoath, a ſingle and ſolitary Mountain, projecting into the Sea, and forming on that ſide the Bay of Dublin. Hence Fingal is diſtinguiſh'd by the title of King of the lonely Hill—or ſtormy Hill—He is likewiſe ſtiled King of Morven.—And here, the Editor of this poem, not finding this name in the

Maps of Scotland, thinks it probable, that, as it ſignifies a Ridge of very high Hills, *it might have been* the ancient Name of the North-weſt Coaſt of Scotland. Might it not likewiſe, ſince their Language was the ſame, have been the Name of the eaſtern Coaſt of Ireland? In the Map, before me, I find on this very Coaſt, the Mourne Mountains. Theſe identical letters, by a ſlight tranſpoſition, make out Morven. I will not charge the Editor with the change; it may have been the effect of Time. Or, perhaps, it was nothing more than the preference of a more poetical ſound; as Lena, in theſe Songs, takes the place of Lough-Neagh. And here, I cannot eaſily forgive our Tranſlator, who, after having ſo highly extolled the Verſification of the Orignal, hath cruelly declined giving us any one example of it. Shou'd the Reader remain unſatisfied with the reaſons given for ſtiling Fingal King of the lonely, or ſtormy Hills; let us ſuppoſe, that, as he was a great Warriour, he might have extended his dominion a few miles ſouth of Dublin; he then became Lord of the Wicklow Mountains, which perfectly juſtify the titles given him.—I now proceed to proofs, which riſe above Conjecture.—In the 3d Page of the Poem, Swaran commands the Iriſh Chief, Cuchullin, to yield to him; for, ſays he, *none can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal. Once we wreſtled on the heath of Malmor, &c.* Now, Malmor was the name of a hill in Ulſter: Thus then, Swaran, in a former Expedition, had found

Fingal

Fingal in Ireland; this will not ſeem ſtrange, if it ſhould appear that he was a *Native. In the Opening of the third Book, Cuchullin ſays to his Bard, *O Carril, let me hear the Song of Tura, which was ſung in my Halls of Joy, when Fingal, King of Shields, was there, and glowed at the Deeds of his Fathers.* Tura was the palace of the Kings of Ulſter: The Song of Tura muſt have recorded the exploits of the Natives: Fingal heard the Song, and *glowed at the deeds of his Fathers.*

I could draw many more Arguments from the Poem; but theſe I think are fully ſufficient. One more, however, I will offer, as, to many it may appear of greater force than all the reſt. Fingal's Bard, or Poet Laureat, is called Ullin; the ancient name of the Province of Ulſter: This cuſtom of naming a Poet from the place of his Nativity, hath been of very ancient and general Uſe. Let thoſe judge who have ever reflected on the characters of Nations, whether it be credible, that a Highland Prince ſhould have penſioned an Iriſh Bard,

*I have ſuppoſed, on the ſtrongeſt proofs, that Fingal was a Native of Ireland. Why then, it will be ſaid, did he go to the aid of Cuchullan by Sea? Gentle Reader, caſt your eye on the Map, and you will find, that it is a ſhort voyage from the Bay of Dublin to that of Caric-fergus, which is in the neighbourhood of Lough-Neagh, or Lena, the ſcene of action. It is probable, that Fingal intended to attack the Danes at Sea; for tho' this Expedition hath been ſo greatly magnified by the Iriſh Bards, I dare ſay that Swaran was little better than a Free-booter; much ſuch another Hero as Monſ. Thurot.

Bard, had there been a ſingle Child of the Muſes in his own Country.

It is evident that Poetry muſt have flouriſhed exceedingly at this time in Ireland; ſince Oſſian celebrates the hundred Bards of Cormac; but, I do not find that he ever makes mention of a Caledonian Poet. If there were poets in Scotland, and Oſſian one of them; then was this a golden age; in which, one nation cou'd, without envy, do juſtice to another; and ſelfiſhneſs was not yet become the characteriſtic of any.

The Editor of Fingal hath ſhewn a very laudable love of his Country, in his Attempts to naturalize this Poem: But tho' I admire his Zeal, I am not an equal admirer of his Conduct. I ſhall juſtify this diſtinction by one example. The ſecond Book of the poem opens in this manner:—*Connal lay by the ſound of the Mountain Stream, beneath the aged Tree. A ſtone with its moſs ſupported his head. Shrill thro' the heath of Lena, he heard the voice of Night.* On this paſſage the Tranſlator makes the following remark.*—*The Scene of Connal's*

* His Remarks, in general, are no leſs curious than inſtructive. He tells us, P. 57, that the Standard of Fingal was diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Sun-beam, probably on account of its bright Colour, and its being ſtudded with Gold.—The Chariot of Cuchullin was ſtudded with Gems. Yet in P. 3, he had told us, that the only Inſtrument of Martial Muſic, then in Uſe, was a Horn; before the Invention of Bagpipes.—Was it for the Credit of his Original, to remind us of ſuch a Jumble of Rudeneſs and Refinement. On another Occaſion, taking Notice of the amiable Characters of two Chiefs,

nal's repoſe is familiar to thoſe who have been in the Highlands of Scotland. And yet the Scene of Connal's repoſe was actually on a mountain in Ireland. Hence it follows, that Oſſian's way of painting the face of nature in one Country, was, by repreſenting thoſe Objects which are peculiar to another. Believe me, Mr. M'——N, had Oſſian always painted on theſe principles, you might have made him either a Highlander or a Laplander, for me.—It is with the ſame Spirit, united with the ſame Judgment, that, not content with having made the principal Hero a Caledonian, our Tranſlator hath laid violent hands on the ſecond. Cuchullin was too great a character to be an Hibernian. What is he then? why, a Scotchman; Chief of the Iſle of Sky; but, Regent of the Province of Ulſter, during the minority of its Prince. This is ſuſpicious; for I do not find that it was the cuſtom in *former Times*, for Scotland to furniſh other nations with Miniſters, or Regents. Their political œconomy was not of ſuch a nature, that their neighbours ſhou'd be tempted to adopt it: And, to ſpeak the truth; What pretenſions had thoſe to preſide in the Councils of other Nations, who never had the wit to govern their own? But, to wave Conjectures; Cuchullin is called, in many places, the blue-ey'd Son

Chiefs, on oppoſite Parties, he ſays, "One cannot help wiſhing them to be both victorious: As that could not well be, I ſhou'd have wiſhed them to have been Friends."—And, in the ſame Spirit of well-wiſhing, I cannot help wiſhing that Mr. M'——N had produced theſe Poems without Notes.

Son of Erin.* He hath his name from the province of Ullin, which he governed. He calls the palace of Tura, his Hall; the Iriſh Captains, his Heroes. He never mentions the name of the minor Prince, or hints at his governing in truſt. Miniſters have been bold in abuſing the authority of their Prince; but ſeldom ſo impolitic, as to lay aſide his Name.

I cloſe theſe proofs with obſerving, that Carril, the Bard of Cuchullin, was a Son of Erin; and that, throughout the poem, he takes the lead, as a Songſter of Oſſian.

It is farther remarkable, that neither Hero or Bard, throughout the whole poem, ever mentions the name of Scotland; or deſcribes it by any peculiar circumſtance. While, on the other hand, they dwell with an evident pleaſure on the ſeveral names of Ireland. Add to this, that their Miſtreſſes and their Wives are all Iriſh; except the Miſtreſs of Fingal, who was of Scandinavia; and the Wife of Cuchullin, who was of the Iſle of Miſt; an Iſland ſo enveloped in clouds, that I confeſs I have not been able to find it.† Whatever may be the

* Ear-in, the tranſlator ſays, ſignifies the weſtern Iſland. In the ſame Note he ſays, that there is the higheſt probability, that the Ear-in, or Ierne of the ancients was Britain to the *North* of the Forth.—Admirable!

† Evirallin, the Wife of Oſſian, was an Hibernian. The Epiſodes in the Poem are founded on family anecdotes, on the Amours of the Iriſh: Things, which no Man cou'd take a pleaſure in relating, or be ſuppoſed to know, who was not a Native.

the force of theſe arguments, let us ſuppoſe, for a moment, that Fingal and his ſon Oſſian were Highlanders; what proofs are there that Oſſian was the Author of this poem? The Editor hath, in ſome places, of his own authority, I believe, made Oſſian declare himſelf: Inſtead of Oſſian did ſo—it is, I did ſo. The change was eaſy. But, unhappily, wherever Oſſian thus ſpeaks, it is with the moſt extravagant commendation of himſelf. As—"*Myſelf, like a Rock, came down. I exulted in the ſtrength of the King. Many were the deaths of my arm; and diſmal was the gleam of my Sword, &c.*" This is too bare-fac'd:—I appeal from you, Mr. M'——N, to your own Countrymen. Is this conſiſtent with that inſinuation and reſerve, by which you have been in all times ſo juſtly diſtinguiſh'd? If therefore Oſſian muſt be author of this poem, the ſons of Inis-fail have ſome pretenſion to him, from a ſimilitude of manners. It remains for the Highlanders to prove a ſimilitude of genius.

So far for the property of the poem.

As the tranſlator of Fingal hath, in his notes, given ſome examples of an extraordinary coincidence in the ideas of Oſſian with thoſe of Homer; I ſhall take the liberty to add ſome other examples, in which, this coincidence amounts *almoſt* to a ſuſpicion of Plagiariſm.

Fingal, firſt of men.—αναξ ανδρων Αγαμεμνων.
The white arm'd maid.—λευκωλενος—
The blue-ey'd chief.—γλαυκωπις.
The high boſomed fair.—Βαθυκολπος.
Lightning pours from their ſides of ſteel.

——— ——— απο χαλκης βεσπεσιοιο,
Αιγλη παμφαινουσα δι αιθερος ουρανον ικε.

Morna! thou faireſt of maids! thou haſt fallen like a ſtar that ſhoots athwart the deſart, &c.

Οιον δ' αστερα ηκε Κρονι παις——
Τω εκυι πιξεν επι χθονα Παλλας——

Comeſt thou like a roe.—ηυτε νεβροι.
Thy hair like the miſt of Cromla; when it curls on the rocks, and it ſhines to the beam of the weſt.

This coloured hair is exactly deſcribed by Anacreon—

Ταμεν ενδοθεν μελαινας,
Τας δ' ες ακρον ηλιωσας.

As ruſhes a ſtream of foam from the ſteep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling.

Ως δ' οτ', &c. κευμα θαλασσης Ορνυτ', &c. μεγαλα βρεμει &c. αποπτυει δ' αλος αχνην.

Like the gathered flies of evening.

Ηυτε μυιαων αδ' ναων εθνεα, &c.

They roſe like a flock of ſea-fowl, their ſound was like a thouſand ſtreams, &c.

Των δ' ως ορνιθων πετεηνων εθνεα——
Κλαγγηδον προκαθιζοντων.——

Strong-hooffed.—μουνυχας ιππους.
Chief mixed his ſtrokes with chief, and man with man; ſteel, clanging, ſounded on ſteel,—ſuch

is

is the noiſe of battle—and wide poured the blood of the valiant.

Συν ρεβαλον ρινας, συν δ' εγχεα, και μενε ανδρων; πολυς δ' ορυμαγδος ορωρει; ρεε δ' αιματι γαια.

Feeble were the voices of a hundred bards.

Ουδ' ει μοι δεκα μεν γλωσσαι.—*Non mihi ſi linguæ centum.*

In the midſt of thouſands he roared.

Σμερδαλεα ιαχων.

Her white arm is ſtained with red.

μιανθην δ' αιματι μηροι, ευφυεες.

Who are theſe like two clouds, and their ſwords like lightning above them?

Αμφι δε οι κεφαλη νεφος—υψοσε δ' αυγη γιγνεται αισσουσα.

Ten heroes blow the fire.

Homer, on a like occaſion, employ'd but one.—

Πυρ δε Μενοιτιαδης δαιεν μεγα, ισοθεος φως.

Tall as the ſtag of Morven moved on the king of groves.

Ηυτε βους αγεληφι μεγ' εξοχος.—Τοιον αρ' Ατρειδην.

I ſhould pay an ill compliment to the ſagacity and erudition of the Reader, ſhould I enter into a more minute detail of ſuch examples. I ſhall therefore paſs to ſome general obſervations. In the few examples which the tranſlator hath given of a reſemblance between Oſſian and Homer, ſometimes he does no more than hint at the paſſage in the Greek, but gives the whole in the Engliſh tranſlation. Now, as Mr. Pope is, at times, leſs like Homer than is Oſſian himſelf, it ſhould ſeem, as if the

Tranſlator deſigned, that, in theſe inſtances, an evident imitation ſhould paſs for a caſual reſemblance. A Writer will often ſucceed, who truſts to the indolence of his Reader. Something of a like management appears in the compariſons, which, with a ſeeming ingenuity, are made between Oſſian and our modern Poets; for, we ſhall obſerve, that the parallel is often drawn, where there is the leaſt reſemblance. For inſtance—*They ſtood on the heath, like oaks with all their branches round them; when they echo to the ſtream of froſt, and their withered leaves ruſtle to the wind.*

—— —— As when heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines
With ſinged tops, their ſtately growth, tho' bare,
Stand on the blaſted heath. MILTON.

Theſe paſſages are compared by the tranſlator. But I ſhall take the liberty of transferring Milton's image into another parallel.—*Silent and tall, he ſeemed as an oak on the banks of Lubar; which had its branches blaſted of old by the lightning of heaven.*—

What then are we to conclude from this? That the Tranſlator hath intermixed modern beauties with the ancient? To what purpoſe? Since thoſe beauties were not his own, he cou'd expect no other return, but to be compared with an ignorant vintner, who ſhou'd mix new wine with old, to be forever on the fret. But,

But, the inconſiſtencies are there. I own it, and am at a loſs to account for it. The impoſition becomes incredible by its groſsneſs; for, while the Tranſlator laboured to eſtabliſh the antiquity of his author, and to clear him from the diſgrace of imitation; *ſurely*, he cou'd not but foreſee, that by forcing him to adopt the thoughts and language of the moderns, he muſt neceſſarily draw on himſelf the imputation of ruining his original.

The Reader will ſee by this, how much I am inclined to acquit Mr. M'——N, of artifice. However, I cannot overlook it in one inſtance. He had found ſome ſcattered ſongs; he hath forced them into the form of a regular poem; why ſo? he had preſumed thoſe ſongs to be Scotch; and any thing leſs than an Epic poem had been unworthy the Highlands. As to the ſeveral difficulties which occur in theſe poems, *if Mr.* M'——N *had no hand in producing them*, we muſt applaud his candour in leaving them to ſhift for themſelves. And yet, I am perſuaded, that many of his readers would have been better pleaſed, had he employed a little more art; and not abandoned them in a cloud of inconſiſtencies, dark, deep, and inexplorable as the miſts of Cromla.* To ſpeak for myſelf, I am too much obliged

* In order to eſtabliſh the antiquity of Oſſian's Writings, the Tranſlator aſſerts, that he had no idea of the Chriſtian Religion. What impreſſion the doctrine of Chriſtianity may have made on him, we cannot tell; but, certainly, he was much delighted with the ſtile and images of the Sacred writings. Thus—*each hero is a pillar of*

obliged to the Tranſlator, for the pleaſure he has procured me, to call his conduct to a ſtrict account. I am convinced that his original was a Wilderneſs; but, it was a Wilderneſs of beauties: Perhaps, it would have been as well, had they been produced in their primitive diſorder. I think, that we may diſcover, at intervals, in theſe ſongs, the graces of a Venus of Medicis; the ſtrength and powers of a Hercules Farneſe: To be ſure, thoſe patches do not become the Venus; and the Hercules wou'd have been better without that bonnet.

With reſpect to the merit of this work, conſidered merely as a tranſlation; it is difficult to judge of it without comparing it with the original. Some particulars, however, are of ſuch a nature, that we muſt ſuppoſe, either, that the tranſlator did not underſtand his Poet; or, that the poet did not know what he wrote. For example—P. 11. Swaran having ſent one of his officers to take a view of the enemy—*He went, and trembling, ſwift returned. His eyes rolled wildly round. His heart beat high againſt his ſide. His words were faultering, broken, ſlow.*

By

of darkneſs.—Ryno went on like a pillar of fire.—And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud; by night in a pillar of fire. Ex. C. 13. One wou'd imagine, that the Tranſlator might have reſted here; but he goes a ſtep farther, and inſinuates that Oſſian had no idea of any Religion. Thus, the Celtic Homer, as he is called, after having been firſt converted into a Highlander, makes his appearance at laſt in the character of a Savage. There is nothing which might not be expected from Mr. M'———n, after that notable conjecture, that North Britain formerly went by the name of the weſtern Iſland.—*Scriblerus.*

By what law of nature, his words ſhou'd be ſlow, while his heart beat high, I do not know: but, ſure I am, that they are far from being ſo in his ſpeech. —It begins thus—*Riſe, ſon of ocean, riſe.* After this, he runs with a ſingular rapidity into a verboſe and florid deſcription, enriched with ſome of the moſt ſplendid images in the whole poem.* I ſuppoſe, that he had recovered from that violent palpitation, when he thus deſcribed the horſes of Cuchullin—*The high-maned, broad-breaſted, proud, high-leaping, ſtrong ſteed of the hill: His name is Sulin-Sifadda.* Again—*The thin-maned, high-headed, ſtrong-hooffed, fleet, bounding ſon of the hill: His name is Duſronnal.* Within two or three pages of this, we find a ſimile of a *bull leaping like ſnow.* Oſſian was bold, but not abſurd in his compariſons. It is probable, therefore, that, in the original, it was—*leaping o'er the ſnow:* thus, a prepoſterous ſimile is changed into a natural image. What are we to think of the *unfrequent blaſt roaring in narrow vales?* Is this ancient, or modern? We often meet, in this tranſlation, a ſtriking diſagreement between a laboured refinement in the language, and a wildneſs in the original ideas. Nothing can be more unnatural in a work than a variance between the manners and the diction. I muſt be underſtood, in this place, to ſpeak of ſuch ideas as are genuine and original: As to

* His deſcription of the Car of Cuchullin is exceedingly beautiful. *It bends behind like a wave near a rock; like the golden miſt of the heath. Its ſides are embоſſed with ſtones, and ſparkle like the Sea round the boat of night.*

to thoſe which have been borrowed from other works, and tranſplanted into Fingal, Mr. M'—N, like a diligent gardener, hath generally taken care to remove them, juſt as they ſtood; or, to uſe the language of this poem, with all their branches round them.* Of a third claſs, and very different from either of the former, are thoſe parts, which ſeem to be of the tranſlator's own growth. Of theſe, I conceive, is the following ſpeech by Cuchullin—*I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead.* Wou'd it not have been better Engliſh, had he ſaid—Cuchullin will be great, or die? Again—*It was then by Fingal's hand a hero fell, to his grief.*—To whoſe grief? according to grammar, and the obvious conſtruction of the words, it muſt have been—to his grief, who fell. The thing was natural enough; and yet, it is not eaſy to read it without laughing. The writer, we gueſs, had a different meaning; but the firſt impreſſion will have its effect. I ſhall ſpare the reader and myſelf the trouble of a longer ſcrutiny: and finiſh theſe remarks, by taking notice of the principle on which the tranſlator ſets out. He ſays, that he has ſtudied ſimplicity: if ſo, I doubt he did not ſtudy his original: for, I cannot conceive that ſimplicity ſhou'd be the diſtinguiſhing quality of a poem, in which, three ideas out of four are made out

* Thus—*The low hung Vapour*—OSSIAN.
The low-hung Vapours—POPE.
The dagger glittered in his hand. He whiſtled as he went. OSSIAN.
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought. DRYDEN.

out by compariſons; and theſe, in general, of the boldeſt caſt. Simplicity, I think, conſiſts in writing from the *immediate* impreſſion of the idea; the conſequence of which will be an eaſy and natural agreement between the language and the thought. How far this is the character of the work before us, let the reader judge. But if, by ſtudying ſimplicity, the Tranſlator meant to keep clear of Wit, I am of opinion that he has ſucceeded beyond his expectations.

APPENDIX.

MR. M'——N has taken great pains to make us believe, that Fingal was the production of the High-lands: but, the whole tenor of the poem contradicted him, unleſs it cou'd be proved, that North-Britain was the Ierne of the ancients. To this end, he calls in Strabo, and makes him ſay, that Ierne lies to the North of Britain. The Queſtion here, was not, what Strabo thought; but,

what Oſſian underſtood by Erin, or the Weſtern Iſland. However, I am willing to follow Mr. M'——N his own way. The words of Strabo, in the latin verſion, are theſe —Navigatio autem à Gallia ſeptentrionem verſus poſtrema eſſe dicitur à noſtri ſeculi hominibus, uſque in Hiberniam. That Ireland lies to the North, to thoſe who ſail to it from France, is undoubted: As to the word—poſtrema, it only proves, that the navigators from the continent had not at that time gone farther Northward. And this agrees with what Tacitus ſays, that the Geography of theſe parts was not well underſtood before the time of Agricola.——Again—Sunt et aliæ circa Britanniam inſulæ quædam parvæ cœterum ei annexa* Magna eſt Hibernia, ad ſeptentrionem expoſita: prolixa, ſed *ampliſſimam latitudinem habens.* How can theſe laſt words be applied to that part of Britain which lies north of the Forth? If by the Magna Ibernia be underſtood a *part* of Scotland; then Ireland muſt have been one of the inſulæ parvæ. As to the words, ad ſeptentrionem expoſita, they are but a repetition of what he had ſaid before, à gallia ſeptentrionem verſus, &c.—Laſtly, deſcribing

* Annexa—This is a blunder of the Tranſlator. In the original, the word is— παραβεβλημενη — Oppoſita. Mr. M'——N muſt have adopted this miſtake, when he made North-Britain the Iernè of Strabo.——

ing Britain he ſay—Britanniæ forma eſt triangula*. —Whence it is evident, that, by Britain, he underſtood England and Scotland united; even to the extremity of the Highlands. The uncertainty in this matter ariſes entirely from Strabo's inaccurate manner of expreſſing himſelf. If, notwithſtanding, Mr. M'——N ſhou'd ſtil make uſe of his authority for fixing the name of Hibernia on Scotland; he muſt, on the ſame authority, admit the juſtneſs of the character given of its inhabitants: If ſo, I ſhall leave him in the quiet poſſeſſion of both—Illius ſunt incolæ, Anthropophagi, id eſt, hominum carne veſcentes, manduconeſque magni. Nec minus alienis in propatulo uxoribus immiſceri, matribus etiam atque ſororibus. In Engliſh, thus—The inhabitants of this County (North-Britain) feed on human fleſh: they are inſatiable gluttons: they live in the promiſcuous uſe of women, not abſtaining even from their mothers and ſiſters.

Had Mr. M'——N aimed at truth, he would have preferred the authority of Cæſar, or, of Tacitus: the former of whom, wrote juſt before Strabo; the latter, not long after him. Theſe authors were better informed; they expreſs themſelves clearly; they deſcribe England and Scotland as one Iſland; and place Hibernia juſt where it ſhou'd be. But, the following paſſage, in Cæſar, wou'd not have anſwer'd Mr.

* Inſula natura eſt triquetra.——Cæſ. Com.

Mr. M'——N's purpoſe — Hoc latus (Britanniæ) vergit ad Hiſpaniam, atque occidentem ſolem, qua ex parte eſt Hibernia. With regard to Tacitus, who was better informed than any of his predeceſſors, he makes no diſtinction between Scotchmen and Britons; but calls them, by one common name, Britannos. A circumſtance very unfavourable to Mr. M'——N's ſcheme; but, perfectly coinciding with the preſent political pretenſions of his Countrymen. For which reaſon, as this obſervation of mine may be of ſome ſervice to them, in a point which they have ſo much at heart; I hope, that, on this account, they will pardon the objections which I have made to their poetical pretenſions.